

THE LITTLE UNITY.

→* TENDER, ÷ TRUSTY ÷ AND ÷ TRUE.*←

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HOW TO DESCRIBE A MOSS.

C. H. CLARKE.

Have you looked for Mosses this summer? And have you found the kinds described in "THE LITTLE UNITY?" If you have looked carefully, you have probably found many kinds that are different from those described, and if you desire to know what these are (I always like to have a name by which to call my friends) I will tell you what we will do. If such a moss is in fruit, and you will write out a complete description of it, according to the directions given below, and will send to me both the moss and the description, I will do my best to find its name for you. In describing it you must notice the following points:

The situation—Whether you found it on the ground, on rocks, or on trees, and whether it was in a damp or dry locality.

The color—Whether dark or light, a yellow green or a blue green.

The stem—Prostrate or erect? Simple or branched?

The leaves—Their size, shape and attitude,—that is, whether they are erect or spreading. Sometimes it is easier to see the shape of the leaves if one scrapes them off and flattens them between two pieces of glass.

The fruit—Whether it is lateral or terminal. See the article on "Feather Mosses." If the moss is a feather moss, I shall probably not be able to name it for you; as there are a great many kinds, only a few of which look so decidedly characteristic that I could be sure of the species.

The capsule or seed-case—Its shape and attitude.

The fruit-stalk—Is there one? and how long is it?

The cap—Whether it is entire or split up on one side; smooth or hairy. In some mosses the cap falls off very early, so that when you find the ripe fruit all the caps have disappeared.

The lid—What its shape, and whether it has a beak or handle.

The circle of teeth around the mouth of the capsule—Can you see it? and is it single or double?

Had you any idea that there would be so much to say about such a small, inconspicuous thing as a moss? If you could look at it through a compound microscope, you would find still more to say about it; but all the points mentioned above can be seen with the naked eye, and a habit of noticing them will often make you see that mosses which at first sight appear very similar are really quite different.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The sylvan folk seem to know when you are on a peaceful errand, and are less afraid than usual J. E.

GENTLE WORDS.

Have you ever watched a rill,
Trickling down
Through the crevice of the hill
Bare and brown,—
Trickling, trickling, trickling bright,
Day and night?
Though it falls so soft and sweet
On the hard rock at your feet,
You will find a hollow there.
Trickling, trickling night and day,
It has worn the rock away,—
Gentle words fall thus they say.

—Our Little Ones.

A GENEROUS NEWSBOY.

The following story is said to have "actually happened in the streets of Chicago:"

One blustering winter evening, some years since, a gentleman engaged in a large business on South Water street left his store to go to his home on the West Side. He is a most jovial and kind-hearted, though somewhat eccentric, man. He is rather robust in figure, has a grizzly beard and a constitutional red nose, to which, on this occasion, the sharp wind lent an additional tinge, and he wore, at least for every day, clothing better suited to his business than to a display. Wrapped in a shaggy overcoat, with a many-colored scarf about his neck, it would have been hard for a practical observer to have told, at a glance, precisely to what grade of the social scale his appearance did correspond.

As he turned out of South Water into State, approaching the street cars, a little, sharp-eyed, busy, shrill-voiced newsboy beset him with the cry of "*Evening Journal!* Have a paper, sir? Have a paper?"

But it was cold, and our friend hurried on, inclined to ignore the persevering news-vender, who still hovered keenly about him, intent on selling his papers.

At last, on a sudden impulse, he replied, "*Buy a paper!* How should I buy a paper, when I don't know where I am going to get my supper?"

"Is that so?" said the little fellow, with interest. "Don't you know where to get your supper?"

"No," said the gentleman. "I don't know as I shall have any supper, and I didn't have much dinner, either."

"What! dead broke! and hungry, too!"

"Yes, hungry as a dog, and I haven't a copper."

The newsboy looked at him sharply, and seeing nothing in his appearance which flatly contradicted the statement, he answered, with ready sympathy, "Well come along with me; I'll get you some supper. Here's a place just here where I often get a bite."

Our friend assented, and the two entered the eating house, the boy stepping bravely forward, and after they were comfortably seated ordered a substantial lunch and

gave the greater part of it to his friend, who, being something of an actor in his way, munched away in a very hungry manner, saying at the same time, "Is this all the supper you are going to give me? I am awful hungry."

"Why, yes," said the boy. "Don't you call that a good supper? I never get any more, and it ain't always that I get as much."

"I could eat more," said the pretender.

"See here, old fellow," said the boy, "do you think I am made of gold? You must be a high liver if you don't call this a good supper."

"Well, you see you are a boy and I am a man; that, the difference," said our friend. "How do you live, any way? Where do you sleep at nights?"

"Oh, most anywhere. Depends on luck a good deal."

By this time they had begun to grow friendly, and the gentleman pursued his investigations in a quiet way that awoke no suspicion on the part of the boy. In half an hour's time he had the whole story, and saw plainly that it was a case where a brave, generous nature was struggling amid all sorts of temptation and miseries; going astray, perhaps frequently out of tenor, more for want of guidance than from any ill-intention; full of good impulses, and with a native courage and trustiness often wanting in children more carefully raised. When he had learned all he cared to know of the boy, he nodded to a waiter and called for the best the house afforded.

"Why," said the boy, with a bewildered and rather a deprecating stare, "who's going to pay for all that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "I guess I can get it on tick."

"See here," said the boy, rising with a genuine glow of honesty upon his cheek. But at this point a gleam of humor in the gentleman's eyes, and the quizzical look of the waiter who knew him, seemed to quicken the boy's understanding.

"Have you been playing it on me?" he asked.

The gentleman took a well-filled purse from his pocket and placed it upon the table beside him. "Sit down, my boy, and eat your supper; it will be paid for."

"How would you like to give up selling papers and get a place on South Water street, to be errand boy?" he asked, at length.

The boy's eyes fairly danced.

"If you could be as spry about a factory as you are at selling papers, I think you could earn about five dollars a week. Would that suit you?"

It may be imagined that the bargain was soon concluded, and the next morning little Jim presented himself at the warehouse and was duly installed. It remains only to be said that the gentleman's confidence was not misplaced, and little Jim, the ex-newsboy, became in time as enthusiastic an employee as could be desired. And what was true of Jim is true of a large majority of these little fellows. For neglect, punishment, outlawry, substitute care, instruction and an opportunity for usefulness, and the whole class may be redeemed from the Bridewell and penitentiary, and made useful members of society, to the equal advantage of peace on earth and—the lightning of taxes.—*Appeal.*

THE LITTLE UNITY.

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ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor.

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Here is a recipe for gathering information: "I never let any mortal, old or young, great or undersized, go out of my house without their telling me at least one thing I didn't know before; and you will find, literally, no end to the notions and helps you can pick up day by day." This is referring to the every-day doings and home-keeping. If you add to this, "It is not what people read or hear, but what they remember, that makes them learned," you have a way that is open to every one, for your practical information.

A certain writer claims that it is a "greater injury to be overvalued than under." Can you think why? Call to mind some one who you know does not like you, and all the honesty there is in you will either rise instantly in self-defence, or turn and point its finger at you. It gets the truth before your mind instantly. But when a friend overvalues you, it is very natural to hope, and so, perhaps believe he is right. The best friends are those who can see our faults in spite their continuing friendship, and help us to see them; and we are not friends to ourselves unless we most heartily like that kind of friend.

The *Wellspring* tells us some interesting things about paper. Our word "paper" comes from "papyrus," which was the name of a kind of reed or rush growing along the river Nile, in Egypt. These reeds were used very freely by the people for a great many purposes besides weaving into baskets; these, and even clothes and rugs were woven of the long stalks. The roots were used for fuel and furniture, while the pith was an article of food. But the way it comes to have given us our word "paper," is that it was the first material ever used for writing purposes. In preparing it, the best reeds were chosen and split until reduced to the right thinness, then fastened together, pressed and smoothed so that it could be easily written upon.

It was not until about two hundred years before Christ that parchment, made from the skin of animals, and vellum, a finer article, made only from calf, goat or lamb skin, came into use. This was proved of special value, because it could be kept hundreds of years, with proper care, and very ancient writings have thus been passed down to later days.

Have any of you ever visited a paper mill and seen how the paper we use now is made?

That may be right which is not pleasant, and that pleasant which is not right.

WHAT TO READ.

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN. New Bodley Series. Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. Price, \$1.50.

The LITTLE UNITY people who have read those five delightful books in "The Bodley Series," will be glad to know that a new series is to be published concerning the sayings and doings, this time, of the Bodley grandchildren. The first volume, which is the only one yet published, tells the story of the travels of the Bodley and Van Wyck families in Holland. The story opens in New York, where, in a lively conversation between the members of the two families, we learn, first, a great deal about old Dutch New York, as it was in the days of that remarkable Dutchman, Peter Stuyvesant. After that our travelers begin preparations for their journey to Holland, and the rest of the book is taken up with an account of their adventures and wanderings among the queer, kind, good-natured Dutch people. Get the book and read it for yourselves, children.

C. P. W.

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

They sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
Her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Inwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle listening child,
As they sat spinning there,

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
With it thou shalt not part:

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And Oh! that these must be—
The voice of praise, the voice of love,
And voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing thou shalt fear,
Let ne'er a word to my love be said
Her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If not indeed for me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
Thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is told to thee by day
At night to mother's ear."

—Mother's Magazine.

"He that always complains is never pitied."

Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys;
The danger gathers as the treasures rise.—Johnson.

We may cast our care on God, but we can't cast our work on him.

CURIOUS FOOD CATCHERS.

All the dragon-flies proceed from water larvæ; strange creatures, of unbecoming forms and ferocious dispositions. The mouth, or rather the lower lip, of the larva is a very singular form. Two jaw-like organs are at the end of the lip, its basal portion being articulated to the head; this mask, as it has been called, is folded beneath the head when in repose, but it can be suddenly shot out in front of the head so as to seize any small creature that may pass near it which the larva thinks good to eat. Imagine one of your arms being joined onto your chin bend your elbow till your hand covers your face, this will represent the dragon-larva with the mask in repose; now shoot out your arm in a straight line from your head, this will represent the mask unfolded and in use; your fingers may be considered to represent the jaws of the creature. When the larva wishes to turn into an insect, it leaves the water and creeps up the stem of some water weed or other object out of the water, bursts its skin and commences its new state of existence. If we look about us, near the water-side, we shall be sure to find some empty pupa-skins.—*Country Walks of a Naturalist.*

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid,

—Selected.

ANTS AND FRUIT-GROWERS.—Many of the fruit-growers in Southern Germany and Northern Italy establish ant-hills in their orchards, and leave the police service of their fruit-trees entirely to the tiny colonists, which pass all their time in climbing up the stems of the fruit-trees, cleansing their boughs and leaves of the male-factors, mature as well as embryotic, and descending, laden with spoils, to the ground, when they comfortably consume or prudently store away their booty.—*Echo.*

Dutch fishermen kill their fish as soon as they take them from the water, preventing them from dying slowly and having their tissues softened. "The superiority of the fish killed by Dutchmen, when compared with those which die slowly in French markets, is," says M. Baule, "very marked."—*Dumb Animals.*

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another. "Nobody was there to see you."

"Yes there was, I was there myself, and I don't ever intend to see myself doing a mean thing."

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

"Unity" Sunday School Lessons—Series XV.

STUDIES OF JESUS.

BY NEWTON M. MANN.

This Lesson and the following are supplementary, and designed for the older pupils.

LESSON XVII.

THE JESUS OF MATTHEW AND THE JESUS OF JOHN.

We have traced, as best we could, the actual career of Jesus. We have seen his growth from babyhood to manhood, and marked some of the mental changes through which he passed from his first apprehension that he was called to preach on to the final catastrophe. But Jesus has undergone more changes since his death, a thousand times, than before, and to the study of these changes you will have occasion to give much thought. I shall now but briefly indicate a few of them;—in this lesson those that took place while the New Testament was being written.

I. JESUS IN THE OLDEST GOSPELS.

If we had a record of the life of Jesus written on the spot by a competent person, we might expect it to give us an idea of him as he really was. Have we any such record? How long was it after the crucifixion before the first written gospel, as we have it, came into existence? We cannot say exactly, but it may have been sixty or eighty years. In the last lesson we saw how the disciples' idea of Jesus began to change as soon as his death had taken place. This change of opinion went on through these sixty or eighty years, a more and more exalted notion of the man being formed, so that when the first three gospels came to take their final form, nobody thought of Jesus as he really was. All who had ever seen him were dead or in their second childhood. All the while there was a tendency to add some extravagance to the stories concerning him. The resurrection, which was first a rumor, grew into a detailed account, to which was added a visible ascent to heaven on the clouds. Stories of miracle and of angels were multiplied, giving the result we see in these gospels.

II. STILL A MAN.

And yet in these gospels he is only a man—a prophet, a mighty hero, with wonderful powers, but yet a man. Read them over and see for yourselves that this is so. He is first a little baby, and grows to manhood. He has human weaknesses, human limitations. When there is nothing to eat he gets hungry, just like any one else. (Matt. IV: 2; XXI: 18; Mark XI: 12.) There are some things he does not know (Matt. XXIV: 36; Mark XIII: 32); some things he cannot do. He struggles with poverty and misfortune and disappointment in unmistakably human fashion. Much as the writers wish to exalt him, it does not occur to them to claim that he is more than a supremely gifted man.

III. RESULTS OF ANOTHER LAPSE OF TIME.

Suppose another sixty or eighty years to roll by, the same process of exaltation going on. By that time these gospels would not convey the prevailing idea of Jesus, and need would be felt for another gospel which should lift him far higher and more apart from other men. Suppose an able Christian writer, deeply sensible of this need, undertaking to produce such a gospel, suppose the book to be written, and you have John's gospel. What a change from Matthew!

IV. THE JESUS OF JOHN.

On our theory, none of the gospel writers was an apostle. The last of the twelve had been dead probably seventy years when this gospel appeared. Turn to it and compare the first chapter with the first of Matthew. No baby crying in a manger here—that were too insignificant a form for the Messiah to take. How does he first appear? (John I: 29.) He might have dropped down from heaven from aught we can gather from John. Indeed, this seems to be what he would have us think. (John III: 13, 31; VI: 33, 38, 41, 51, 58.) This Jesus, who was not born like other folks, and who did not grow up, is just as wise at first as ever afterward (John III: 24, 25. Compare Luke II: 52), and everybody that sees him instantly recognizes him as the Son of God. (John I: 34, 36, 41, 49.) He starts out with no simplicity at all, but as a profound mystic. (John III. Compare Matt. V.) He begins at once to talk mysteriously of a resurrection. (John II: 19, 22.) There is very little left here of the Jesus of Matthew. On through the whole book we have altogether another person in respect of rank and assumed dignity. He does not chat with the disciples, but makes long and stately speeches. Very beautiful speeches they are, many of them, and such as a mighty superhuman

being might well have made; what I point out is that the object of the writer unmistakably is to convey the impression of such a being. But still he is not the Supreme God; what is he? The notion seems to be of a person midway between God and man, more than angel, who might indirectly be called God (John I: 1, 14 V: 18; X: 30), and yet ordinarily to be reckoned a man. The theological thread is beginning to weave itself into inextricable confusion.

LESSON XVIII.

THE JESUS OF PAST BIBLICAL TIME.

The smallest child that has followed the course of these lessons has seen that the idea of Jesus presented in them is very different from the view commonly held. It remains for us now to complete our survey by a glance at the processes by which the current view was reached.

I. FURTHER EXALTATION.

We have seen how the tendency in the early church to higher and higher conceptions of the nature of Jesus required before the end of the second century the writing of another gospel, in which he should appear as at any rate a superhuman being. The production of this gospel had the effect greatly to accelerate this tendency, and in fifty years more the leaders of the church very commonly called him a God. Christianity was then being preached among polytheists, and the idea of more gods than one gave no offence. It was rather a recommendation. The idea also of a man becoming God was familiar to these people. They had from their cradles been worshiping such gods. Justin Martyr, speaking to these people, said: "When we say that Jesus Christ, our teacher, was the Word, the first-born of God, * * we affirm nothing different from what is said by you of the sons of Jove, and nothing new. You know how many sons your esteemed writers attribute to him. There is Mercury (called by you) the Word, the teacher of all, Æsculapius," etc. Justin compares Jesus, the Son of God, to Mercury, the son of Jove. He explicitly says that Jesus and his Father are two distinct persons (which, by the way, seems quite reasonable.) Tatian, Theophilus, Athenagoras, Irenæus, Tertullian, all held to one Supreme God, and regarded Jesus in some sense a subordinate God, though with a growing tendency to advance him to the very highest rank. Clement, early in the third century, says, speaking of the most excellent things in earth and in heaven: "But the most perfect and most holy, and most commanding and most regal (a wordy saint was Clement), and by far the most beneficent nature, is that of the Son, which is next to the only omnipotent Father." The doctrine of the equality of the Son with the Father could not long be delayed after this. The Trinity was not yet, but the egg was laid, and the chicken was in process of incubation. Still, somewhat later, Origen could say, summing up his doctrine of holy things: "Greater is the power of the Father than that of the Son and the Holy Spirit; and greater that of the Son than that of the Holy Spirit; and again the power of the Holy Spirit surpasses that of other holy things."

II. THE NICENE CREED.

In another century these doctrines of the Fathers making Jesus next to the Supreme Being had become heretical. So speedily went on the process of exaltation. There were two parties in the church, a declining party, holding still that Jesus was a created being, more than man, more than any other creature, but still created, having a beginning; and a rising party, holding the new doctrine of the Trinity. A great Council was called by the Emperor Constantine to settle the matter, and convened at Nice in the year 325. What can you find out about this Council? (See any Church History or Cyclopædia.) What doctrine concerning Jesus was promulgated? Who was the leader of the opposition? What was done with him? Can you tell the story of his reinstatement through the influence of Constantia, the Emperor's sister? As between the two doctrines we should have very little to choose. Arius himself subscribed the Nicene Creed, with some "mental reservations," perhaps. For this creed see "Book of Common Prayer."

III. CONCLUSION.

Such in outline is the process of exaltation by which, in three hundred years from the crucifixion, Jesus came to be regarded as the Supreme God. The strange transformation becomes perfectly intelligible when we note the conditions then existing and the influences which prompted and hastened the development of such an idea. There are signs now that after fifteen triumphant centuries this idea has spent its force. There is a disposition to set aside this theological fiction and seek, even at this late day, for the real Jesus. It is said that when Saul was chosen to be the first king of Israel, and search was made for him in the camp, he was not to be found, for he had hidden himself behind the stuff. Behind what mountainous piles of stuff has Jesus been hidden from the time John contrived the magic screen of his gospel! We have tried to pierce this mountain heap and see the man; and have not found that, as in the case of that first king,—“When he stood among the people he was higher than any of the people, from his shoulders upward?”